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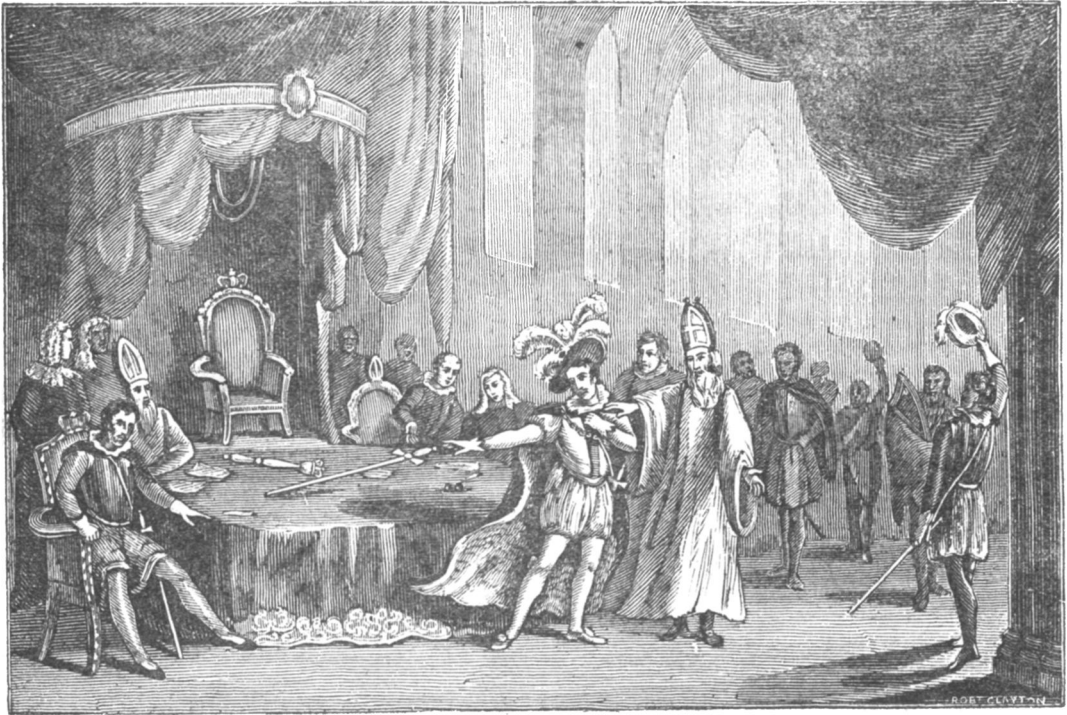
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SILKEN THOMAS RENOUNCING HIS ALLEGIANCE.

THE REBELLION OF SILKEN THOMAS.

FROM THE "HIBERNIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS," IN
THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

(Continued from our last Number.)

"Talbot mounted, in the silence of rage and sorrow, and as the troop wheeled out of the court-yard and turned up to the Dame's-gate, struck his horse fiercely with the spur, and dashed out in front; he could not bear the eyes of those around him, for his own were swimming in grief and indignation. When he reached Castle-street, he was so far in advance of his company, that he found himself obliged to pull up till he should learn which way they intended to take. He looked up and down the busy thoroughfare before him, all alive with the bustle of secure prosperity; stalls, shops, and warehouses, far as the eye could reach, teeming with a peaceful and industrious race, toiling on in happy ignorance of the impending calamities which he was even then lending his aid to hasten, and for a moment his heart failed him; but as he looked up at the fortress, and saw on the brow of the barbican, the sharp outline of the spikes on which the heads of the Leinster rebels were bleaching in the blue sky, he thought, with a shudder and a thrill of anguish, of his own friend's kindly features clotted with the blood from the block, and exposed to the insults of his enemies, over the gates of London, and the thirst for revenge, which then seized his whole soul, consumed whatever lingering attachment to his allegiance might have been revived by his first contemplation of the peaceful security around him. By this time Perez was again by his side, and the troop wheeled down to the right, passed the castle at a trot, and drew up in line opposite the gate into Thomas-street. The citizens crowded round, admiring their gay accoutrements and martial order, for as yet there was no suspicion of

rebellion in their minds, and the men themselves, in general, were ignorant of the purpose for which they were assembled. Presently the crowd collected round the gates began to break up and line the causeways at either side, and a gallant cavalcade was seen through the open arch, advancing from Thomas-court towards the draw-bridge. 'Way for the Lord Deputy,' cried two truncheon bearers, dashing through the gate, and a shout rose on all sides, that Lord Thomas was coming. Trumpeters and pursuivants at arms rode first; then came the mace-bearer with his symbol of office, and, after him, the sword of state in a rich scabbard of velvet, carried by its proper officer. Lord Thomas himself, in his robes of state, and surrounded by a dazzling array of nobles and gentlemen, spurred after; the arched gateway was choked for a moment with tossing plumes and banners, flashing arms and gleaming faces, as the magnificent troop burst in like a flood of fire upon the dark and narrow precincts of the city. But, behind the splendid cortege which headed their march, came a dense column of mailed men-at-arms, that continued to defile through the close pass, long after the gay mantles and waving pennons of their leaders were indistinct in the distance.

"Talbot, still high in passion, as the pomp drew near his position, kept his eyes fixed on the face of the young Geraldine. Lord Thomas's brow was flushed, and he glanced fiercely from the castle to the river, as he listened to the urgent representations of an elderly knight by his side. But when his eye fell on Talbot, where he sat reining back his charger to give room for the cavalcade, a haggard smile crossed his agitated features, and he called him by his name, and extended his hand to welcome him.

"'Talbot!' he cried, 'I thank thee! I knew thou wouldst not fail me in trouble; for he who is gone never failed thee in time of need—may my race be forgotten,

and my name be a watchword of reproach, if I make not the day of his death the blackest in the English calendar!—ha, Sir John, knowest thou that I mean to hold the island against Henry?”

“My lord,” replied Talbot, “I have not yet heard your lordship’s design; but be it what it may, I will back the quarrel of your father’s son as long as I can hold my sword.”

“My own design and my desire,” said Lord Thomas, is to fling a bold defiance in the teeth of the council, rendering up office and allegiance together, and opening the war as becomes an associate of the royal princes whom I look to have for my allies.”

“My Lord, this is madness,” cried the old knight at his side; “ride up to Bermingham tower with that sword and mace before you, and the king’s chief castle is won without a blow; renounce your allegiance before the council, and White will have his draw-bridge raised and his cannon pointed, before we can so much as make good our passage back from Mary’s-abbey.”

“Sir Oliver,” replied the young lord, “thou art my uncle, and God forbid I should make light of thy advice; but it shall never be said of Thomas Fitzgerald, that he struck his first blow against Henry Tudor in the dark! What would they say at Rome, or at Madrid?”

“My lord,” cried a gentleman who rode near him, “what we do here is the question, not what they may say there. If we can, by the use of Henry’s authority, make head against his friends till succours from the Pope and Emperor arrive, trust me, our allies will never ask whether we won the quarters where we lodge them by strength of hand, or virtue of the king’s writ.”

“Sir Richard Walsh,” exclaimed Lord Thomas, “but that I know none here would cheaply see my father’s son dishonoured, I would say that some among you were bent on turning this brave adventure to a rascal conspiracy!”

“You do us wrong, my lord,” cried Sir Oliver Fitzgerald, colouring deeply; “but I urge you no farther; conduct the war as you will. Yet although I withdraw my unpalatable advice, I will not hold back my hand; for I would rather strike ten blows in your quarrel, than waste another word on your headstrong folly.”

“Pardon me, my dear kinsman,” cried the young noble, earnestly grasping his uncle’s hand; “and you, Sir Richard, and those other knights and gentlemen who have advised me otherwise, forgive me for what I have said; but, trust me, this is the nobler, this is the worthier course. Nor do I think I stand alone in preferring the honourable chances of open warfare, to the petty successes of surprise or treachery. Sir John Talbot, am I not in the right?”

“I for one,” cried Talbot, “would think our cause dishonoured in the eyes of all brave men, if your lordship turned the sword, which you have sworn to use for the benefit of the king’s government, against those who committed it, on the faith of that oath, into your lordship’s hands?”

“Pooh!” cried Burnet of Belgriffin, “who talks of a breach of faith, and he already forsworn in his oath of allegiance?”

“There is no faith to be kept with heretics,” said an ecclesiastic of the party; “Henry is a rotten sheep, to corrupt the flock of Christ—*anathema esto!*”

“He stuck upon no point of honour when he put the Earl to death, after bringing him to London on a solemn pledge of safety!” exclaimed Sir Dominick Le Poer.

“The end, my children, justifies the means,” again urged the churchman.

“Treachery for treachery!” cried Perez; “it is but equal justice.”

“My Lord!” exclaimed Talbot, drawing up, and Lord Thomas checked his horse at the same moment, so that the whole party were brought to a sudden halt.—“I said I would back the quarrel of your father’s son: I am ready to make good what I have said at peril of my body, but I tell those knights and gentlemen, that I would rather my hand were rotted off than that it should ever draw blade in the cause either of plotting conspirators or of priestly bigots!”

“What!” cried Le Poer, scornfully, “this is somewhat early for desertion; if any man here be afraid to join in

our revolt, he is at liberty to withdraw himself at once; there is no need of splitting straws for an apology.”

“Sir Dominick Le Poer,” said Talbot, “if you mean me, I will tell you plainly, the chief fear I have in this adventure is, being joined in it by one whom I once saw turn his back upon his friends, when blows were plentier than good advice, in the gap of Garrycaltrim.”

“The cause never yet prospered that was begun by blaspheming the ministers and church of God,” exclaimed the angry ecclesiastic, before Le Poer could reply to this biting retort.

“Before heaven, priest,” cried Sir Oliver Fitzgerald, “I like thy doctrine as little as he—thou and Master Perez are bad advocates among cavaliers of honour: I am, in truth, already half of the opinion of my noble kinsman and his valiant friend. Heaven forbid that either falsehood or treachery should ever be charged on Oliver Fitzgerald, though thou and thy whole church were to be saved from perdition by their means!—nephew, I counsel the use of thy authority only so far as thy conscience can clearly carry thee; if it goes a hair’s breadth against thy honour as a knight and gentleman to take advantage of the castle for thy proclamation of revolt, lead on to Mary’s-abbey, and we will bid these proud lords defiance!”

“And so say I,” cried Sir John De la Hyde, “And I—” and I—” and I—” re-echoed from a dozen gentlemen around; whom indecision, or dislike of disagreement had hitherto kept silent.

“Come on, then, friends and kinsmen,” cried Lord Thomas, turning his horse’s head towards the river; “we will never leave it to our enemies to say that we have played any but a fair and manly part by them.” The dissentient party yielded reluctantly, and the whole cavalcade wheeled down to the Liffey. Sir Oliver, as they crossed the bridge, cast a wistful eye over the battlemented range wall, on the towers of the castle, frowning in massive security behind them; but the time was past; for, even as he gazed, he saw the long levers of the draw-bridge rise high against the sky above the curtain of the barbacan.

“White has caught the alarm, so good by to Dublin Castle!” cried Barnel, bitterly.

“Ay,” answered Le Poer, sharply, “will a point of honour, think you, weigh down that draw-bridge, or a sharp gibe cut open that portcullis? Yet we told them how this would be.”

“It is a judgment and a sign!”—began Travers, the churchman; but Sir Oliver cut him short. “Spur on to the Abbey, gentlemen, or the tidings will have reached the council before us.”

The gates of Mary’s-abbey soon received the leaders of the revolt, and ere the last of their followers had ceased to pour into the echoing court-yard, Lord Thomas and his friends were at the door of the council-chamber. The assembled lords rose at his entrance, and way was made for him to the chair of state.

“Keep your seats, my lords,” said he, stopping midway between the entrance and council table, while his friends gathered in a body at his back. “I have not come to preside over this council, my lords. I come to tell you of a bloody tragedy that has been enacted in London, and to give you to know what steps I have thought fit to take in consequence.”

“What tragedy, my lord?” said Alan, the archbishop of Dublin; “your lordship’s looks and words alarm me: what means this multitude of men now in the house of God? My lord, my lord, I fear this step is rashly taken; this looks like something, my lord, that I would be loth to name in the presence of loyal men.”

“My Lord Archbishop,” replied Thomas, “when you pretend an ignorance of my noble father’s murder!”

“Murder!” cried the Lord Chancellor Cromer, starting from his seat, and all at the council table uttered exclamations of astonishment or horror, save only Alan and the Lord High Treasurer.—“Yes, my lord,” the young Geraldine continued, with a stern voice, still addressing the Archbishop, “when you pretend ignorance of that foul and cruel murder, which was done by the instigation and traitorous procuring of yourself and others, your accomplices, and yet taunt me with the step which I have taken;

rashly, it may be, but not, I trust, unworthily of my noble father's son, in consequence; you betray at once your treachery and your hypocrisy.—By this time the tumult among the soldiery without, who had not till now heard of the death of the Earl, was as if a thousand men had been storming the abbey. They were all native Irish, and to a man devoted to Kildare. Curses, lamentations, and cries of rage and vengeance sounded from every quarter of the court-yard; and some who rushed into the council-hall, with drawn swords, to be avenged on the authors of their calamity, were with difficulty restrained, by the knights and gentlemen around the door, from rushing on the Archbishop and slaying him, as they heard him denounced by their chief, on the spot. When the clamour was somewhat abated, Alan, who had stood up to speak at its commencement, addressed the Chancellor.

“My lord, this unhappy young man says he knows not what. If his noble father, which God forbid, should have come under his Majesty's displeasure—if he should, indeed, have suffered—although I know not that he hath—the penalty of his numerous treasons.”

“Bald priest, thou liest!” cried Sir Oliver Fitzgerald; ‘my murdered brother was a truer servant of the crown than ever stood in thy satin shoes!’

“Alan, and the Lord Chancellor Cromer, also an Archbishop, and Primate of Armagh, rose together; the one complaining loudly of the wrong and insult done his order; the other beseeching that all present would remember they were Christians and subjects of the crown of England; but in the midst of this confusion, Lord Thomas, taking the sword of state out of the hands of its bearer, advanced up the hall to the council table, with a lofty determination in his bearing, that at once arrested all eyes. It was plain he was about to announce his final purpose, and all within the hall awaited what he would say in sullen silence. His friends and followers now formed a dense semicircle at the foot of the hall; the lords of the council had involuntarily drawn round the throne and Chancellor's chair; Thomas stood alone on the floor opposite the table, with the sword in his hands. Anxiety and pity were marked on the venerable features of Cromer, as he bent forward to hear what he would say; but Alan, and the treasurer, Lord James Butler, exchanged looks of malignant satisfaction.

“My lord,” said Thomas, ‘I come to tell you that my father has been basely put to death, for, I know not what, alleged treason; and that we have taken up arms to avenge his murder. Yet, although we be thus driven by the tyranny and cruelty of the king into open hostility, we would not have it said hereafter that we have conspired like villains and churls, but boldly declared our purpose as becomes warriors and gentlemen. This sword of state, my lords, is yours; not mine. I received it with an oath, that I would use it for your benefit; I should stain my honour if I turned it to your hurt. My lords, I have now need of my own weapon, which I can trust; but, as for the common sword, it has flattered me not; a painted scabbard, while its edge was already red in the best blood of my house; ay, and is even now whetted anew for further destruction of the Geraldines. Therefore, my lords, save yourselves from us as from open enemies. I am no longer Henry Tudor's Deputy—I am his foe. I have more mind to conquer than to govern—to meet him in the field than to serve him in office. And now, my lords, if all the hearts in England and Ireland, that have cause thereto, do but join in this quarrel, as I look that they will, then shall the world shortly be made sensible of the tyranny, cruelty, falsehood, and heresy, for which the age to come may well count this base King among the ancient traitors of most abominable and hateful memory.’

“Croom aboo!” cried Neale Roe O'Kennedy, Lord Thomas's bard, who had pressed into the body of the hall, at the head of the Irish soldiery. He was conspicuous over all by his height, and the splendour of his native costume. His legs and arms were bare: the sleeves of his yellow *cothone*, parting above the elbow, fell in voluminous folds almost to the ground, whilst its skirts, girded at the loins, covered him to the knee. Over this he wore a short jacket of crimson, the sleeves just covering the shoulders, richly wrought and embroidered, and drawn round the waist by a broad belt,

set with precious stones, and fastened with a massive golden buckle. His laced and fringed mantle was thrown back, but kept from falling by a silver brooch, as broad as a man's palm, which glittered on his breast. He stretched out his hand, the gold bracelets rattling as they slid back on the thickness of his red-haired arm, and exclaimed in Irish—‘Who is the young lion of the plains of Liffey, that affrights the men of counsel, and the ruler of the Saxon, with his noble voice? Who is the raked-up ember of Kildare, that would consume the enemies of his people, and the false churls of the cruel race of clan-London? It is the son of Gerald—the top branch of the oak of O'faly—it is Thomas of the silken mantle, *Tomás-an-tecla, Ard-Righ Eireann!*’

“*Righ Tomás go bragh!*” shouted the soldiery, and many of the young lord's Anglo-Irish friends re-ponded—‘Long live King Thomas!’ but the Chancellor, Archbishop Cromer, who had listened to his insane avowal with undisguised distress, and who had already been seen to wring his hand, and even to shed tears as the misguided nobleman and his friends thus madly invoked their own destruction, came down from his seat, and earnestly grasping the young lord by the hand, addressed him:

“Good, my lord,” he cried, while his venerable figure and known attachment to the house of Kildare, attested as it was by such visible evidences of concern, commanded for a time the attention of all present: ‘Good, my lord, suffer me to use the privilege of an old man's speech with you, before you finally give up this ensign of your authority, and pledge of your allegiance. I have known the friendship of your noble father, and I am bold to say, there is no man in this presence, saving yourself, my Lord Thomas—for loth indeed I would be to have to call you so soon my lord of Kildare—who would more deeply deplore any injury that might befall him. But this report of his death, whereon your lordship would ground your anger, what is it at best but an obscure rumour? My lord, I cannot credit it. We of the council have had no tidings of such severity either designed for the Earl of Kildare, or practised against him. Yet, if it be the case that God has permitted the heart of the King to be turned against his servant, and that you, my lord, are thus suddenly called upon to support the name and honour of your noble family, trust me, you ought now rather to be considering how best you could discharge the grave duties of the head of such a house, and how best restore it to the dignity of its half-forfeited loyalty, than thus to run to hopeless arms in the desperate certainty of utterly destroying all that you have left worth the retrieving.’—

“*Chorp an dioul!* What says the Saxon O'flamh?” said one of the galloglass to his neighbour.

“By the axe in my hand, Phelim Gorm,” replied the other, ‘it seems to me that he is making a ram in praise of the old Earl—my heavy curse on them that brought him low!’

“What?” cried Phelim Gorm, ‘have the Saxons got fleas among them, as well as doctors and brachons?’

“If he be not a bard,” replied the galloglass, ‘he is a rhymmer, and is crying the keene—see if the tears be not running down his cheeks! *A yeah, yeah! mo vrone, mo villed, agus na lean ghairt!*’

“Oh, my lord,” the voice of Cromer was now heard exclaiming, ‘the name of a king is sacred, but odious is the name of rebellion: the one derived from heaven, and by God defended, the other forged in hell, and executed by Satan. My lord, this is no private broil, in which you might, with little hurt, give way for a time to your passion: this is a quarrel which concerns the crown, that touches the nobility, that appertains to the whole commonwealth, and therefore it behoves you well before you jeopardize so many and so weighty interests, first, to see that the cause of your quarrel is certain, and then to ask whether the advantage to be gained be not outweighed by the calamity and wretchedness which this attempt, if persevered in, must produce.’

“It is no keening, Con,” said Phelim Gorm, ‘he is pronouncing some heroical oration in praise of the Ierna Oge—*farrah! Tomás-an-tecla aboo!*’

“That I cannot tell,” replied Con; ‘but, be he bard

or, rhymer, he wears a glibb and coolun longer than the wildest of O'Connor's kerns.'

" 'Tis not rightly trained,' observed Phelim; 'and to my eye it does not seem like a man's natural hair; but, ababoo! what says he now?'

" 'My lord,' continued Cromer, 'while the gale blows full in your sails, doubt not that divers will cleave to you, and feed upon you as crows upon their carrion; but when the storm begins to bluster, then will these same summer friends leave you like a goodly bark stranded at the ebb, or driven by the tempests ashore. Then will come impeachment, and conviction, and attainder—your arms reversed, your manors confiscated, your castles razed, your name dishonoured! Weigh then, my lord, the nobility of your ancestors; remember your late father's exhortation, forget not your duty to your prince, but above all, have pity on the wretched state of your poor country. Think with what heaps of curses you will be loaded, when the barbarous soldier, let loose in those wars, shall plunder the poor subject, consuming the widow's portion and inheritance of the fatherless, wasting the country, length and breadth; ay, and so endangering the whole realm, that they are not yet born who shall last smart for it. My lord, the king is a vessel of grace and mercy, and your offence is not yet over-heinous: cleave to his clemency—it is not yet too late. Oh, my lord, I pray you in most humble wise, for the love of God, for the duty you bear your prince, for the regard you bear your country, and the respect you would have for your own safety, abandon this headlong folly, and return to your allegiance!'

" 'My Lord Chancellor,' replied Thomas, 'I came not here to take advice, but to give you to understand what I purpose to do. As loyalty would have me know my prince, so duty compels me to reverence my father. I thank you heartily for your counsel; but it is now too late. As to my fortune, I will take it as God sends it, and rather choose to die with valour and liberty, than live under King Henry in bondage and villainy. Wherefore, my lord, I thank you again for the concern you take in my welfare, and since you will not receive this sword out of my hand, I can but cast it from me, even as here I cast off and renounce all duty and allegiance to your master.' So saying, he flung the sword of state upon the council table. The blade started a hand's breadth out of its sheath, from the violence with which it was dashed out of his hands. He then, in the midst of a tumult of acclamation from his followers, and cries of horror and pity from the lords and prelates around, tore off his robes of office, and cast them at his feet. Stripped thus of his ensigns of dignity, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald stood up, amid the wreck of his fair fortune, an armed and avowed rebel, equipped in complete mail, before the representatives of England and Ireland. The cheering from his adherents was loud and enthusiastic, and those without replied with cries of fierce exultation.

" 'Farrah, farrah!' shouted Neale Roe O'Kennedy, in a voice of thunder; 'it is Thomas of the shirt of iron, that has leaped forth from his silken livery, like the bright steel from its sheath of velvet! like the brand from its cloak of ashes! like the red flaming and consuming fire of heaven out of the scattered clouds of the sky!—The sword of Erin is sharp, heavy, and piercing; the ember of the raked-up wrath of Erin is red, smoking, and terrible; the flash of the avenging thunderbolts of Erin is swift and sure, strong and sudden, burning and blasting, and wasting, and inevitable!—Ring around him, sons of Gerralt! shout for the *Mac an Earla More*! Throw by your hunting spears, ye children of the chase; we must soon follow our game with battle-axe and claymore to the wild dog's den; cast away your bows of chase, ye hunters of the plains of Leinster, we must hunt a prey to-day with the shots of guns and cannons in the nest of dragons and in the lair of the dun Saxon lion! *Farrah, farrah! Croom aboo!*'—and crying the Geraldine war cry, he rushed into the court-yard, his red locks flaming over the heads of the clansmen like a torch.

" By this time the lords of the council were dispersed by the doors at the throne end of the hall, for Lord Thomas, with the same chivalrous generosity that induced him openly to withdraw his allegiance, had permitted them to

escape unmolested, as from a solemn parley. His friends now gathered round him to consult on their proceedings.

" 'My lord, if we get not the first word with his Holiness and the Emperor,' said Sir Oliver Fitzgerald to his nephew, 'that pestilent fellow, Alan, will have the start of us, and mar our hopes of succour from the continent.'

" 'Right, uncle,' said Thomas—'it shall be looked to; but first let us summon White to deliver up the castle.'

" 'Your lordship will hardly handle the keys of Dublin castle now without blows,' said Le Poer.

" 'Well, then, if we must take them by strong hand, let us fall to without delay,' cried Thomas.

" 'The citizens are ill-affected towards us,' observed Sir Richard Walsh; 'I question much whether they will suffer us to place our batteries within the walls; and from Sheep-street and the south, across the city ditch, we would assault the place to a manifest disadvantage.'

" 'Ha!' cried Sir Oliver, 'it is true; the porking churls do hate us heartily; yet if we do not get their good will, by fair means or by foul, White may baffle us for a good six weeks yet.'

" 'I'll tell you what, my lord,' said Burnel, 'although I advised against this course, I will do what a true man may to aid you out of it. From my poor house of Ballgriffen, I hold, as it were, the keys of Fingal, the granary of Dublin. Now, my lord, send a flag to the citizens, and give them to understand that if they refuse your lordship's artillery a friendly reception, I will close the doors of their market-house, while a bushel of corn remains in Meath.'

" 'It is well said,' cried Lord Thomas. 'Let us send to the knaves as Master Burnel advises. Pareze, wilt thou and Sir John Talbot do me this service?'

" 'Willingly, my lord,' said Pareze; and Talbot, conscious of his having been the chief adviser of a course that was already beginning to be beset by gratuitous difficulties, and unwilling to exhibit farther dissatisfaction, also consented. His dislike of Pareze was, if possible, increased since he had heard his dishonourable sentiments in the dispute about giving up the sword, and his passions, ruffled as they had been by successive excitements, were still unallayed, and with difficulty kept under. As they received their instructions, he could plainly perceive that all those who had been opposed to him in that dispute, regarded him with evident distrust; while many of the rest, beginning to feel the difficulty into which their rashness had hurried them, hung back, or muttered their acknowledgments of late repentance.

" Again, riding side by side, with dark brows and averted glances, the rivals silently and sullenly proceeded on their mission. The gates at the farther end of the bridge were closed, and a gun was run out from the embrasure above as they advanced.

" 'Give the word, or I shoot!' cried a bulky citizen, showing his linstock above the breech of the falcon.

" 'Base churl, who trusted thee with a gun, that know not a flag of truce from a royal standard?' cried Talbot. 'Open thy gates, sirrah porker, we come with terms for your burghers.'

" 'Churl! porker!' exclaimed the angry citizen, vainly striving to bring the piece to bear upon Talbot's men, who were now close under the walls—'Traitor and rebel! I'll teach thee to revile the city authorities! Heave her up, my masters—I'll blow the bankrupt coxcomb into the Liffey!'

" 'Stop thy hand, good Master Harvey,' cried Talbot, with a smile; 'the recoil of the piece will burst thy girdle; on my honour, master draper, I knew you not; else I had not used those unworthy terms; but I have been chafed to-day, and need thy forgiveness.'

" 'Ah, Sir John, Sir John, what desperate course is this thou hast taken to,' cried the appeased trader; 'where shall I now look for payment of the last suit of velvet, thou attainted spendthrift?'

" 'This, at least, is not yet confiscated,' cried Talbot, flinging him his purse. 'There is my debt, and a broad piece beside for top-knots to thy wenches; but, Master Harvey, open the gates, and give us speech of your burghers without more delay.'

" 'What hast thou to say to the loyal citizens of Dublin?' demanded a voice which made Talbot start in his

saddle, as Paul Dudley showed himself over the battlement above the gateway, with others of the aldermen and burghers.

"Do you refuse our flag any more convenient conference than this, Master Dudley?" said Perez, for Talbot had turned his head away, and could make no answer.

"If you like not this," replied the loyal merchant, "you shall have a louder from our cannons' mouths—what seek ye?"

"Passage to the castle, to summon the constable to surrender; and free quarters to besiege him if he refuse."

"Tell your traitorous master that he shall have no passage through the streets of Dublin, but over the bodies of its slaughtered citizens," was the reply.

"Then hear what I am commanded by my master to tell you," said Perez, and he repeated the threat, as it had been made by Burnel, of stopping the supplies from Fingal and Meath. There was a moment's evident consternation among the citizens, that spoke of slenderly victualled stores; but Paul Dudley stood forward and said, "You have your answer. You get no footing here, though we should eat our belts! Come, brother citizens, be of good cheer: I have in my warehouses some twenty hogsheads of powdered beef, at the service of the city, if need be."

"And I," cried another alderman, "so far as an hundred pounds' worth of pork and flour can go in our supply, will freely open my stores to the wants of our garrison."

"Want nothing for wine, while the ten tuns in my cellars at Preston's Inns can feel the spigot," cried a third; but Talbot, who had listened with mingled feelings of remorse and admiration, advanced again to the gate as his party were retiring.

"For the love of heaven," he cried, "hear me one word before we go! As I hope for mercy, Master Dudley, I had rather lose my right hand, than see the people of this fair city suffering as they must suffer, notwithstanding all your private means, if this resolution of yours be persisted in. My worshipful masters, you who have wives and little ones at home, think, I beseech you, what it is to see them we love perishing of famine!"

"I have a daughter at home," said Dudley, "and I would rather see her dead for hunger, than let a rebel plant one gun within our walls!"

Talbot shuddered, and for a moment shrunk back; but he was not yet repulsed. "Citizens of Dublin, heed

not what he says," he exclaimed; "it is anger against me has made him mad. You will starve before three weeks, if you listen not to our terms. Oh! Master Dudley, do not think that I came on this errand with my own will. I tell you, that my heart is wrung with anguish when I think of the hard fate that brings me here! Relent in time—'tis you alone who leads the rest in this. Oh! Master Dudley, relent, I pray you, by the love you bear the one you love best."

"Traitor, name her not," cried Dudley, "or not even your flag shall protect you!—go with your new associates—go!"

"There was a time, Master Dudley!"

"That time is past—hence, traitor!"

"Heaven send you better counsel, I pray from the bottom of my heart," cried Talbot to the burghers; and after another appealing look to Dudley, met by a rigid frown that forbade all hope of reconciliation, he turned, silently, from the gate, and rode back to Mary's Abbey with his party.

"Well, Sir John, what say those scum of the city?" were Lord Thomas's first words, as he entered the hall, where the rebel leaders were still in consultation.

"My lord, it grieves me to say, they obstinately refuse us admittance."

"Then may White sleep sound to-night," cried Le Poer "for no flag of ours will wave on Dublin castle this bout."

"What, Sir John," cried Lord Thomas, "did you urge the cutting off of their supplies?"

"We did, my lord," replied Perez, "but they aver they are well victualled. I would to God we had taken the other course!—but no matter—'tis useless to repine when the time has gone by."

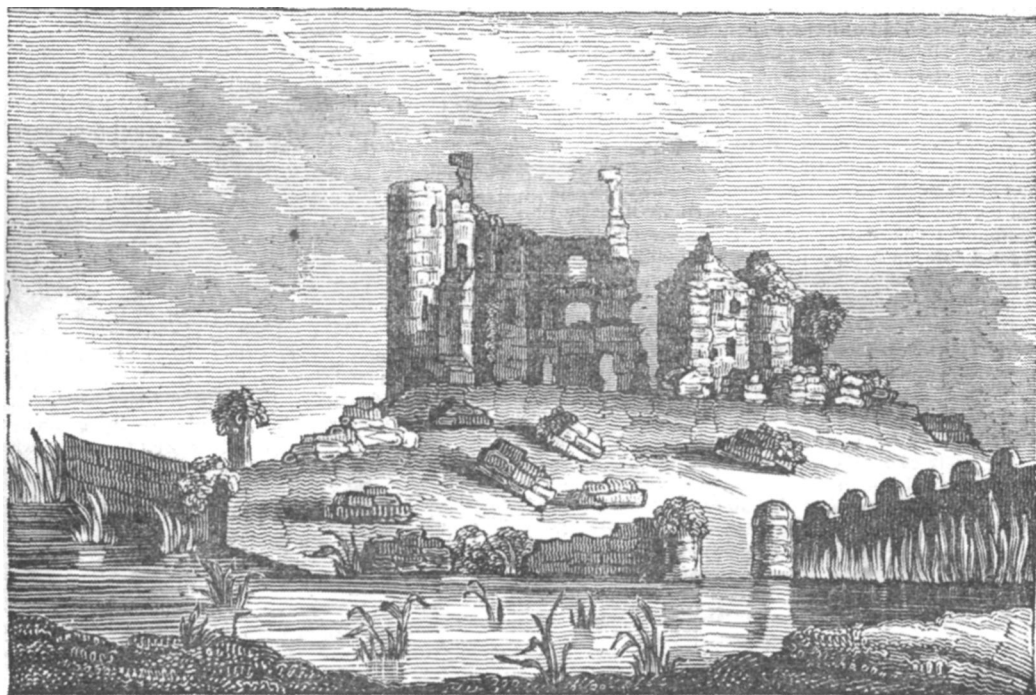
"By my honour, Sir John Talbot, it was bad counsel, you gave," said Sir Richard Walsh.

"I begin to see again that it was so," exclaimed Sir Oliver; "but 'tis too late to grieve for what cannot now be helped."

"Judgments are prepared for scorers, and stripes for the backs of fools," muttered Father Travers.

"Gentlemen," cried Lord Thomas, "at my door lie the blame, if blame has been deserved. Leave off, now, idle regrets, and let us proceed with the disposition of our forces."

(To be continued.)



LEA CASTLE, QUEEN'S COUNTY.

Lea Castle was built about the year 1260, by the Anglo-Norman family De Vesey, in the usual style of the mili-

tary architecture of the day, and was intended to protect the Pale on the north and north-west. It consisted of a